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THE CRY OF A THIRSTY SOUL.

WE once enjoyed the acquaintance of a public man of some eminence, who used to take much more fervid views of political questions than we were disposed to do; and on our remonstrating with him one day regarding the dangerous agitations in which he was engaged, pointing out to him the inflammability of the popular mind on which he was operating, he somewhat surprised us by expressing his serious conviction, that our fears were grounded upon an entire mistake. 'The public,' said he, 'so far from being easily excited on the subject of its wrongs, is remarkably torpid and indifferent about them; and the great difficulty of the reformer, is to get up any tolerable show of public discontent under grievances, and make people take the least trouble in getting these redressed.' We knew he spoke from a large experience, and was quite sincere; yet we had a difficulty in believing him at the time. Subsequent observation has convinced us, that there was a great deal of truth in what he said. It does now appear to us that, while a public once thoroughly excited is exceedingly unruly and dangerous, it will bear an immense amount of provocation before it will be thoroughly roused. And herein lies the great chance of all the knaves, impostors, quacks, bad rulers, and other agents of malign character who practise upon it.

A remarkable example of its patience under wrongs, and wrongs in the tenderest quarter, is presented by the community of London in reference to one of the great pabula of its existence—its beer. Beer is a *fifth* element to a Londoner, but ranking second, only the air he breathes being more indispensable. Beer at coming, beer at parting day; beer at noon, and at dinner. Beer up stairs and down stairs; beer all along the streets. One sees it insinuating itself everywhere, but nowhere made a secret of, nowhere held in discredit: no, everybody admits, 'I must have my beer.' It is sanctified in the ballads and traditional feelings of the people, and is, in short, one of the institutions of England. Well, would anybody out of England believe that, in the country which first accepted the great doctrines of free-trade, the public is content to see this largely-used article made the subject of a monopoly which becomes equivalent to a tax in amount—a tax for the benefit of a few private tradesmen! Yet it is so.

The trade of brewing this liquor for the metropolis is mainly in the hands of twelve companies, who have very large establishments, and are understood to possess enormous capital. Their monopoly is chiefly maintained by their possessing themselves of the limited number of taverns which are licensed for the sale of

liquors in general. These houses become an essential part of the brewers' establishments, the tenants being virtually only their servants. Thus, agreeing among themselves as to a minimum price for their beer, they have it in their power to maintain it at that rate to the public, there being no effectual competition to bring it lower. Each tavern honestly proclaims the name of the house which is empowered to use it for the sale of beer, upon a conspicuous signboard, often erected in a costly manner upon a structure of wood; and it may give some idea of the vastness of the business in general, that the companies are understood to have twenty thousand pounds sunk in tavern signposts alone. A man disposed to try his fortune in the keeping of one of these taverns, can only enter upon his trade by a negotiation with the brewing company which possesses the house and the licence; agreeing of course to sell the beer of that company exclusively, and to pay for it at a certain rate. They supply an article which is allowed to be good of its kind; but the price is such in relation to the fixed retail-price, that he can make a remunerative profit for himself only by adulterating it. Thus that patient animal, the public, suffers in two ways—first, in paying an over-high price; and secondly, in getting a debased article.

The fulcrum of this tremendous monopoly rests in the licensing system. Partly with a view to the restriction of public immorality, and partly from considerations connected with the revenue, a limited number of houses are licensed to deal in liquors within the bounds of the metropolis. The justices of peace in court assembled decide how many houses shall have a licence for liquors generally, and where these shall be. Their objects being solely moral, they are perfectly content to see the brewers' houses reigning alone, so long as they do nothing to offend public decency. It appears that the Excise Commissioners can license houses only for the sale of beer, and have no inclination to restrict the numbers of such establishments; but practically this does not operate much against the brewers' monopoly, for when a house cannot likewise supply spirits and wines, it has a comparatively poor chance of thriving; and when one sets up near a tavern, it is generally run off the field by a temporary lowering of prices in the tavern. The whole system has been described in droll, but not the less true terms, by 'a Thirsty Soul' in the *Times*.

*Bill Swipes, better known as the Tooting Pet, a retired prize-fighter, having won a little money, applies to one of our beer-kings—say, Spigot, Firkins, & Co.—for a house. The landlord of the Cyprian's Arms, in Shire Lane, having recently died, Spigot & Co. propose it to Swipes as peculiarly well calculated for him, for

It is a notorious resort of the "dangerous classes;" and Swipes, from his previous pursuits and commanding physique, appears to them just the man to "stand no nonsense" in his bar. Indeed, were it not that the Cyprian's Arms belongs to such a wealthy and respectable firm as Spigot & Co., the bench of magistrates would have closed it long ago, its character is so uncommonly bad.

'After some bargaining, Spigot & Co. agree to put Swipes in. He has to pay so much down for fixtures and furniture, to pay so much half-yearly for rent, and he is to be accommodated on very easy terms with any further sums he may require for additional plate-glass windows, shining gaslights, and other attractive accessories to *delirium tremens* and vice. As soon as this bargain is concluded, he becomes the slave of Spigot, Firkins, & Co., who can sell him up whenever it suits them.

'He engages on his part to retail no malt liquor but theirs; and further, to retail it at a price dictated by them, which leaves him literally do profit on its sale unless he adulterates it. All his gains must, consequently, be made on the retail of wine, brandy, rum, gin, cider, and perry, and on such other refreshments, solid and liquid, as his customers may require, and on the adulteration of Spigot & Co.'s Entire.

'At first, he gets on very well if he is sober, industrious, and knows how to modulate pure porter into "cabman's mixture," after the most approved fashion.

'At last, a modest beer-shop is opened close by. Its Excise licence allows it only to sell malt liquor. Swipes forthwith ceases his adulterations, and betakes himself for a season to selling pure malt and hops at cost-price. He can obtain better porter than the beer-shop keeper can procure (for "the Twelve" will not deal with the beer-shops on the same terms as they do with the public-houses, and thereby drive them to deal with the small breweries in the suburbs), and he can sell it cheaper, because he has his profits on the retail of wine, spirits, and provisions to fall back upon, which the beer-shop keeper has not.

'Under such circumstances, it soon becomes evident to the poor beer-shop keeper that he cannot compete with Bill Swipes, backed as he is by "the Twelve" and the licensing magistrates, and he retires from the unequal conflict.

'Then Bill Swipes resumes the undisturbed concoction of "cabman's mixture" as before; and the magistrates observe to each other, the next time they meet, with much satisfaction, "that the failure of that objectionable beer-shop has clearly proved, that one public-house is amply sufficient for the requirements of the neighbourhood."

An incidental effect of the monopoly, is a lowering of the character of the class of licensed victuallers, for of course respectable men, possessed of any means, will shrink from entering upon such a life of bondage. A subsequent communication of 'A Thirsty Soul' lays down this class of consequences pretty clearly. 'At this moment,' says he, 'the public-house line is the favourite haven in which superannuated pugilists anchor; and nobody will pretend that the public morals have been, or are likely to be, benefited from the connection of such a class of men as that with the retail trade in wine, ale, and spirits. I know at this moment a house conducted by one of the greatest ruffians that ever fought "a cross." It is a "sporting ken," the well-known resort of flats of the simplest and sharps of the keenest temper. Its landlord is actually in jail; yet the house goes on, with its "free-and-easy," its bull-dog shows, and its sparring exhibitions, as usual, under the direction of his foreman. Indeed, there never has been any talk of shutting it up, for it belongs to Spigot, Firkins, & Co., and nobody can

doubt their respectability, inasmuch as Spigot and Firkins, and two of their "Co.," occupy four of Cubitt's newest palaces in Belgravia, and young Jack Spigot keeps the Maltby hounds, and sits for the county; indeed, he was one of the most vociferous of the fifty-one during Mr Gladstone's answer to Mr Disraeli, and was, I am assured, mainly instrumental in getting up the recent dinner at the Carlton in honour of Major Beresford.' The wealth of the beer-kings is of course, under such a system, enormous. Gentlemen they are, of senatorial rank in some instances, always of a magnificent style of living, but never, so far as we have heard, in the least abashed about the fact of their revenues being drawn from the kennels of human corruption. 'Non olet,' we presume, is the feeling of the most delicate of the royal family of Beer regarding their money, as it was of the jocular emperor.

There is one point of compulsory honesty in the sale of beer from the tap in London—the measures being carefully kept at the correct standard by the public authorities. But a vast proportion of the malt liquor consumed by the public is sold in bottles, and there an additional taxation is laid on. These bottles, while professing to be quart and pint bottles respectively, are not fitted to contain those quantities, but something much short of them. One of the jokes of our young days, was a reference to a bill brought by Sir Boyle Roach into the Irish House of Commons, having for its object to enforce a rule, that every quart-bottle should contain a quart. The services of the Hibernian senator appear to be in great requisition in England at present, when it is clearly shewn that the liquor which ought to be stowed in four bottles, is extended over at least six. While, in short, there is a check of the most stringent kind upon the weights used in shops and markets, and upon the measures used for tap ale and beer, there is none whatever in force upon bottles; and bottles are, accordingly, taking leave to diminish themselves in so alarming a manner, that it will probably soon take three nominal pints to fill one tumbler. Strictly speaking, the legal imperial gallon—the only legal standard in England—which ought to be divided into four quarts, and therefore held in four bottles of that denomination, is extended over six or more bottles, which are accepted by the public as quart-bottles. It is pretended that, by tacit understanding, wine-measure has come to be substituted for that proper to beer; but even the quart of the old wine-measure contained fifty-eight cubic inches of liquor, whereas the modern quart-bottle gives only forty-six. It is precisely as if our butcher-meat, while professedly sold by avoirdupois-weight of sixteen ounces to the pound, were in reality weighed out against troy-weight of twelve ounces to the pound. As there are about 450,000,000 of these mock quart-bottles made every year, the amount of cheating to which the public is subjected in all liquids bought in bottles must be enormous. It is manifestly no defence to say, that there is an understanding as to the liquor being sold by the bottle or the dozen of bottles, for these are purely arbitrary measures, in the use of which the public can have no protection from fraud; and the law has rightly condemned as illegal every measure but that of the imperial gallon and its subdivisions of quarts and pints.

Is there not something in all this to make the angels weep? A great people coolly and patiently submitting to be despoiled through the medium of its drink, as if it felt so ashamed of that indulgence as to shrink from looking too narrowly into the conduct of the ministers of its appetites—these ministers, on the other hand, rioting in wealth obtained by the practice of what amounts to oppression and fraud! Verily, it is an enlightened and refined nineteenth century! And well does the principle of competition justify itself to mankind, when it cannot save them even from robberies like these! We shall not attempt to speculate on the

legal measures that would be necessary to allow London to drink unmonopolised beer, and get its liquors of proper measure. There is too much reason to fear that a trade which addresses itself to depraved tastes, and hovers continually on the borders of vice and crime, never can be regulated so as to make its professors exactly what they ought to be. But we know what would give the public entire redress and thorough protection, because it has been exemplified in another country. In the summer of 1851, the state of Maine enacted a law suppressing the manufacture and sale of all kinds of spirituous and intoxicating liquors, except under strict regulation for medicinal and mechanical purposes only; and some months after, the mayor of the chief city thus reported the consequences: 'At the time of the passage of the law,' says he, 'there were supposed to be in this city from 200 to 300 shops and other places where intoxicating liquors were sold to all comers. At the present time, there are no places where such liquors are sold openly; and only a few where they are sold at all, and that with great caution and secrecy, and only to those who are personally known to the keepers, and who can be relied upon not to betray them to the authorities. These places, with one, possibly with two exceptions, are of the lowest character; and so far as they sell these liquors at all, minister to the depraved appetites of the basest part of our population; but the keepers of these places will soon be brought to justice, so that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, to be used as a drink, will be entirely extinguished in this city. The shops which I allude to are kept almost exclusively by foreigners; and the few persons who are now brought to the lock-up in the watch-house, are the customers of these places, and are themselves foreigners almost without exception. The stock of liquors which the keepers of these places had on hand when the law went into operation, will soon be exhausted; and some difficulty will be found by them in replenishing their stores, as the law will enable us to stop entirely the supplies of these liquors, which have hitherto been received principally by railway and steam-boat.'

'All those persons who are now selling liquors unlawfully in Portland, are doing it on a very small scale. The supplies which the most of them keep on hand are extremely limited in amount, and every precaution is used to conceal them from the police. In one shop searched, was found less than one quart in two small bottles; in another were found only three bottles, containing less than three quarts, concealed in a cellar, behind a board; in another, the liquor was found under the floor, buried in the earth; and some has been found in deeper concealment.'

'Three months ago, there were in this city several wholesale dealers in liquors; but at the present time there is not one—the wholesale business ceased entirely when the law went into operation. There was but one distillery in the state at the time of the enactment of this law, though another was in progress on a very large scale. Operations on the latter were promptly stopped, and the other has been demolished. At the present time, there is no distillery in this state....'

'The operation of the law in this city has effected a marked change for the better in every department which is under the care of the police. The night-police has comparatively little or nothing to do; there are few or no street-brawls, and it is very seldom that the police or watch are called upon to interfere in any quarrels or disturbances of any kind in shops or houses in any part of the city. Before the enactment of this law, scarcely a night passed over without some disturbance of this description, and sometimes the police were called upon to quell many such disturbances in a single night.'

'At the commencement of the present year, scarcely a night passed over without the committal to the watch-

house of more or less intemperate persons, and sometimes many such were committed in a single night. The practice, formerly, was to commit no intoxicated persons who were quiet and able to get home. At present, the orders to the police and watch are to arrest all persons found in the streets, and in all other public places, either by night or by day, who exhibit unmistakable signs of intoxication; yet with all this rigour, the arrests for this cause are very few—sometimes a week or more, and once, a fortnight, having elapsed without any committal; and were it not for the low grog-shops, kept secretly by foreigners, the committals to the watch-house would not amount to one in a month, and this difficulty we hope to remedy within the year. The watch-house is now used to keep seized liquors instead of drunkards—and through the waste-ways of the lock-up, condemned liquors are passed off into the common sewers, without having fulfilled their mission of ruin and death to our citizens.'

Now, we are not expecting that any such measure as this could now be adopted in England; but we begin seriously to believe, that only in some such resolute course on the part of the intelligence and morale of a community, can the remainder be effectually protected, not merely from the evils of drink, but from the frauds and oppressions connected with its manufacture and sale.

MR WHITEHEAD'S WILL.

WHEN the wealthy middle-aged bachelor, Samuel Scrope, espoused the penniless young widow Eardley, who had one child of her first marriage living, a little boy of three years old, folks, as usual, expressed various opinions on the subject; while of course the happy couple, knowing nothing and caring less of what was said about them, in process of time shared the common fate, and, when gossiping had exhausted itself, were allowed to glide down the stream of time unheeded. Mrs Scrope presented her second husband likewise with a son, the nurse declaring that the child and his father were as like as two peas. This, perhaps, was not flattering to the baby, though the declaration might be based on truth—Mr Scrope being a fat, white, flabby-looking personage, with half-closed eyes and a clean-shaven face, whereon stray hair was never permitted to rest, presenting, in short, the semblance of a huge overgrown 'flabby dabby babby.'

The likeness between father and son continued to increase as the latter grew up, and long after Mrs Scrope was left a widow for the second time, continued to be pointed out by those who had known the deceased. And this likeness was not confined to outward appearance; for in disposition and character young Samuel greatly resembled his father—in excessive timidity, approaching to nervousness; in shy and embarrassed manner; in all sorts of old-womanish propensities—such as putting his feet in hot water, and taking basins of scalding gruel to cure colds, which, somehow, he was always catching; in fidgety neatness, and detestation of firearms and all offensive or defensive weapons—in these particulars he was indeed, as friends remarked, his father's own son. From his mother he inherited a love of money, of parsimonious saving and hoarding, a tolerable share of suspiciousness, and a large amount of prudence: a cold and perfectly unimpassioned temperament, calculating even his indulgences, and a rather obtuse brain, were singularly combined; and what he wanted in sense, he made up in deliberation and wariness. Such was Samuel Scrope the younger, the heir of his father's large fortune, the idol of his doting mother, and the pampered, spoiled boy of the household. She never could part with him for the purposes of education; he was too delicate for any school—it would kill Sam to be buffeted and rudely treated! So Sam had a tutor at home, whose situation was a real sinecure, so far as teaching went—

the young gentleman having it much his own way when and how his lessons were to be acquired and repeated. Mrs Scrope, like many weak mothers, cared not much for her son's acquirements, except those which barely sufficed as a passport through society in general. What did it matter, she said, for Samuel to toil and mool over books, when he had a large fortune ready made to enjoy? It was all right and proper that her eldest born, Francis Eardley, should strive to win prizes and be a great scholar, because he had only his own exertions to depend upon; besides, Frank was high-spirited and boisterous, had fine health and energies, and was altogether of a different nature from Sam. Of a different nature indeed!—brave, generous, self-denying, affectionate, and warm-hearted, Francis as little resembled his younger brother in disposition as in person, for that was pre-eminently graceful and agreeable. Sam's cowardice and sluggish intellect presented such a contrast to the bold, daring, and splendid abilities of Frank, that even Mrs Scrope could not fail to see it, despite her partiality for the former; though why that partiality existed, it were hard to fathom, unless it arose from Sam's more closely resembling herself.

Frank was sent to a public school, and was a favourite with every one, making friends wherever he went; but at home, the home where his younger brother reigned paramount, there grave faces always met him, there he was chided and rebuked by his mother, and avoided by the fat, pampered Sam, who looked askance on the fine youth, whose noble and manly bearing roused feelings of envy and dislike. What right had Frank to laugh and joke, and ride and sing, and conduct himself in so off-hand a way, when he never had a farthing in his pocket?—for Mrs Scrope kept poor Frank very low in pocket-money, though she had a moderate life-jointure; and Sam, whose hands were always in his pockets, turning over his gold, which he seldom changed, skulked about, with nothing to do and nothing to say, and feeling quite ill at ease before his gay, handsome brother.

Among the visitors at Scrope Hall was a Mr Whitehead, an elderly bachelor of grave and taciturn demeanour, reputed to be enormously wealthy, and of privileged eccentricity. A miser in the literal sense of the term, sly, observant, and prying noiselessly into the concerns of everybody and everything, Mr Whitehead visited about from one house to another, living in clover at them all. It was rumoured that he was not quite sound in his mind, and that an early love-disappointment had turned his brain; however, those who now contemplated his dirty flaxen wig, and tall lank form, arrayed uniformly in threadbare black, found it difficult to realise the idea of a romantic passage in such a life and in such a being! Mammon was the god of his worship now, at all events. Mr Whitehead had been a crony of the deceased Mr Scrope, and it was apparent that he transferred to the younger Samuel much of the approval and liking he had bestowed on the elder. At Scrope Hall, Mr Whitehead was always a welcome and favoured guest; his ways were in unison with their ways; and Samuel was so great a favourite with the sour-visaged old man, that Mrs Scrope indulged pleasant dreams of an accession to her darling's fortune. As to Frank, he had become Mr Whitehead's abomination, for Frank would neither bend nor fawn, nor flatter nor learn.

There was another dwelling to which Mr Whitehead had access, and whose inmates were of a very different character from those of Scrope Hall; and yet, strange to say, these two domiciles were the old bachelor's favourite resting-places, and he resorted from one to the other with infinite satisfaction. Many miles of hill and dale, rivers and woodlands, divided the hostile houses, and Miss Pamela Gordon had not seen Mrs Scrope face to face since the widowhood of the latter; but unspoken animosity existed between the

ladies; and Mrs Scrope called Miss Pamela 'a masculine spinster!' while Miss Pamela denominated Mrs Scrope 'a screw!' Mr Whitehead heard what each said of the other, laughed in his sleeve, and enjoyed the good things at both houses. Perhaps, unconfessed by himself, the childless and lonely man found an attraction at Miss Pamela's pleasant home, which he vainly sought for elsewhere; for Miss Pamela had a young niece resident with her, whose laughing dark eyes brought memories to the old man's heart he vainly essayed to dispel; and Elspeth Gordon became to Mr Whitehead a sort of loadstone, whose attraction it was not possible to resist. Yet who played such pranks with the cross old miser as little Ellie? Who cajoled him out of a silver crown so easily for the purposes of charity? Who said and did such impudent, and yet such tender and charming things as Ellie Gordon, the orphan niece of the strong-minded Miss Pamela?

Miss Pamela Gordon was the half-sister of Elspeth's father, who had married the only sister of Mr Scrope, to that gentleman's lasting and inexorable displeasure. Captain Gordon died soon after his ill-fated marriage, leaving his broken-hearted wife and infant daughter ill provided for. Mrs Gordon at length, in deep distress, appealed to her brother's widow for assistance, but Mrs Scrope turned a deaf ear to her request; she had Samuel to take care of, and Francis to educate and provide for. The dying woman then turned towards her sister-in-law, Miss Pamela, as a last resource, for help in her extremity. Miss Pamela was considered a person not to be imposed upon, and by no means soft-hearted. She lived on a handsome life-annuity, a fact which she took care to render public; 'as it was better folks should all know,' she said, 'that she had nothing to bequeath in her will, and lived up to her income!' Miss Pamela and her half-brother had never been very good friends; they had squabbled and differed on every possible and impossible topic; moreover, Miss Pamela had strongly set her face against his alliance with Mary Scrope, and she was in the secret of Mr Whitehead's romantic devotion to that lady, who, however, preferred the insinuating captain. Notwithstanding all these bygone reminiscences, when poor Mrs Gordon meekly entreated a small sum to extricate her from pressing difficulty, the good spinster, burying all the past in oblivion, set herself earnestly to the task of comforting and supporting the widow and fatherless; and at length received Ellie as her own child, into her own home, when Mrs Gordon sunk to rest in the grave. Mr Whitehead, in conversation with Miss Pamela, had recently begun to hint very strongly about the valuable qualities of Mr Samuel, and the good-for-nothing character of his half-brother—a proceeding which always set Miss Pamela in a blaze of indignation, while her appeals to Ellie brought a corresponding colour into that young lady's cheeks.

'I wonder what that old miser has taken in his head now?' thought Miss Pamela, as on one occasion of the kind she watched his retreating figure; 'he looks wonderfully bent and withered of late: he cannot last much longer. I hope he'll leave a legacy to poor Ellie, for her mother's sake. Ah, he was very fond of Mary Scrope. Who ever would believe such a being as he appears now, could ever have played the fool, and raved when she married poor Ned! Ellie is very like her mother, full of life and animation. Bless her, she's a good dear girl: I don't know what I should do without her. She's a clever-spirited puss, too, and after my own heart!'

Some months subsequent to this period, Mrs Scrope and her younger son sat sipping their breakfast coffee, and munching hot rolls, Sam's head being swaddled in flannel for the rheumatism; when the former, after a pause, pursued the tenor of their conversation, by saying in a half-hesitating tone: 'After all, Sam, my dear, it's as nice a letter as one could expect from Miss Pamela Gordon: she has always

been considered a most extraordinary person, famous for doing out-of-the-way things, and not sticking at trifles. I confess, I don't quite understand the calm sweet tenor of her polite epistle; and I feel almost as if I stood on the brink of some powder magazine with a lighted candle in my hand. But that must be all my extreme nervousness; because you see, Sam, there is nothing to occasion misgiving, and all is fair and above ground. We have asked your cousin Elspeth here, as in duty bound—she is coming as a matter of course; and as a matter of course, you will receive her. Let me see—counting with her fingers—Elspeth Gordon is just twenty—a year younger than you, Sam, my dear, and some five months; and Mary Scrope that was, has been dead about twelve years. Mary was a handsome, spirited girl.

'Old Whitehead must have been very fond of her to make such a will,' broke in Sam with his mouth full and his face very red. 'I'm sure, mother, I'd much rather remain single than be married—that I would: I know a wife will only bother me, and I shall be taking these eternal colds dancing after her—girls are so tiresome.'

'How do you know girls are tiresome, Sam?' asked his mother sharply.

'Why, mother,' responded Sam, looking rather sheepish, 'I've heard you say so scores of times.'

'Well, well, my dear, never mind,' responded Mrs Scrope soothingly. 'I dare to say Elspeth Gordon is a discreet maiden, though Mr Whitehead spoke of her as being a gay, laughing lass; and, to do her justice, Miss Pamela is a clever woman, and has brought up the young miss well no doubt, and trained her to obedience and respect of her elders. I'll be bound she'll come here all blushes and tremors at her own rare good-luck!' and Mrs Scrope paused, as a kind of jealous pang shot through her maternal heart. Sam remained silent; his white flabby face and half-closed eyes affording no index as to the nature of his ruminations. Unaccustomed to the society of strangers, it may be supposed that Mrs Scrope and Sam felt a little nervous at the expected visit of a well-bred young lady, placed in such extremely delicate and peculiar circumstances towards themselves, as Elspeth Gordon was. Mr Whitehead had departed to another world, after only a few days' illness, soon after his last visit to Miss Pamela Gordon; bequeathing the whole of his large fortune, without any deduction whatever, to Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, on condition of the said Samuel Scrope marrying Elspeth Gordon, daughter of the late Captain Gordon, and Mary his wife; the said marriage to take place within twelve months after the testator's decease. In the event of the said Samuel Scrope refusing to ratify the said condition, and rejecting the lady, he forfeited the fortune, which then became Elspeth Gordon's. But if the lady rejected the gentleman, why then of course *vice versa*. Moreover, Mr Whitehead had provided for every contingency. If the couple, by mutual consent, refused to fulfil the stipulated conditions, the many scores of thousands went to enrich various charities, almost unheard of even by the most philanthropic. As to Elspeth Gordon refusing Sam, that was a thing Mr Whitehead never dreamed of; a penniless girl like the daughter of his lost Mary to cast fortune away—nay, two fortunes—was unheard of in the annals of romantic folly. So he secured her, as he considered, an excellent husband and a luxurious home. Then the idea of Samuel Scrope, prudent and money-loving as he was known to be, refusing a pretty girl and a still prettier *douceur*, for any whim short of insanity, was far too wild and improbable a conjecture to gain footing in Mr Whitehead's calculations. Sam, unimpassioned and cold as he was, would hardly reject a fine, lively, good-tempered young creature, by marrying whom he would insure to himself the possession of nearly £40,000.

Elspeth Gordon had received an invitation to Scrope Hall, for the purpose of being introduced to her cousin; and Miss Pamela, to Mrs Scrope's astonishment, had herself written to accept it in Ellie's name, at the same time wishing good-speed to the wooing!

The eventful day arrived; Sam had thrown aside his flannel wraps, and arrayed in a bright new coat, with well-oiled hair, was surveyed by his admiring mother with looks of unmitigated admiration.

'O mother,' he said, 'I am all in a flutter; I don't know what to say to her.'

'I dare to say she is more in a flutter than you, Sam, my dear; so let that comfort you. She won't meet your eyes, depend upon it; girls are always shy on such trying occasions as these.'

So endeavouring to rally her son's spirits, and to support his drooping courage, Mrs Scrope remarked that she every moment expected to hear the sound of carriage-wheels approaching, as it was rather beyond the hour fixed for the arrival of their guest. The crack of a riding-whip was heard in the hall, the door of the apartment was flung open, and a lady, attired in a riding costume, rapidly entered, exclaiming: 'Down, Juno! down, Peto!' as two huge dogs leaped about her, creating confusion and dismay in all the beholders; for if Mrs Scrope and Sam hated one thing more than another, it was a dog.

With dismay and surprise painted on her countenance, Mrs Scrope, turning to the domestics, said in a hasty tone: 'Turn them out! turn out these troublesome creatures immediately!' But Miss Elspeth Gordon—for it was she—peremptorily exclaimed: 'I should strongly advise nobody to meddle with my dogs; they are savage, and will bite strangers, unless left alone, and never obey any one except me and Tom.' Shrinking from contact with the unruly animals, and in the utmost consternation, Mrs Scrope surveyed her young visitor. A tall, finely-formed, though slender figure, was set off by a tightly-fitting habit; while a pair of green spectacles, of antiquated make, aided by a slouching hat, concealed the upper portion of the stranger's face. The mouth, however, displayed a set of dazzling white teeth, although the voice proceeding from that mouth uttered wonderful things for a timid young lady, but with a remarkably soft and musical modulation. Turning suddenly round towards Sam, who had retreated to the further end of the room, the owner of the green specs, regarding him fixedly for a few moments, advanced with extended hand, saying: 'We won't wait for a formal introduction, Cousin Samuel, will we? Come, don't be shy; shake hands and be friends. Now Juno, now Peto—here, let me introduce you to your new master.'

But poor Sam was desperately afraid of large dogs, and he looked so scared and miserable, that the gay lady indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter, which she vainly endeavoured to control. Recovering herself with difficulty, she said with much suavity and gentleness: 'You'll get used to them in time, Cousin Sam: I cannot live without them!'

'And how did you come, my dear?' said Mrs Scrope, willing to get away from the subject. 'Sam and I were listening for the sound of carriage-wheels on the avenue, but we heard none.'

'Carriage-wheels, indeed!' cried Ellie Gordon contemptuously, and flourishing her whip; 'as if I should come to see my intended in so stupid a fashion. Not I, indeed. I rode over on Vixen, my beautiful mare, with Tom at my heels, and Juno and Peto for company! With uplifted hands and eyes, Mrs Scrope repeated the words: 'Rode over on Vixen! Why, it is a good eighty mile from hence to Miss Pamela's, and you rode over on horseback!'

'To be sure! what of that? Forty mile a day; and slept last night at the Ellistons. Bob and James Elliston rode part of the way with me to-day, but I

didn't want them, even through Hanging Wood; for look here, ma'am, I never travel without these: you and I will have a practice, Sam; and so saying, the young lady drew forth from a concealed pocket a pair of small elegantly-finished pistols, pointing one in Sam's face. He recoiled, saying in a scarcely audible voice: 'I hope, miss, they're not loaded?'

'Why, Sam, what would be the use of pistols if they were not loaded?' replied she smiling; and adding in an under-tone, 'except to frighten fools with.'

'I think, my dear,' said Mrs Scrope, coming between the pair, and gently turning aside the hand which grasped the offensive weapon, 'that you had better lay them aside now, with your travelling-dress: there are no robbers or ruffians here to molest you.'

'Thank you, ma'am—thank you,' quickly replied Ellie: 'I prefer wearing my habit; and if you've no objection, I'll return these pretty dears to my pocket'—replacing the pistols—'it's all use you know—all use.'

Mrs Scrope, roused to something like self-possession, now replied with dignity: 'It is unusual for a young lady to carry firearms, and to wear a riding-dress in a drawing-room. Has Miss Pamela Gordon countenanced such proceedings?'

'La, my dear old soul!' interrupted Ellie, laughing good-humouredly, 'Miss Pamela and I think alike in all respects. You don't think I'd disobey her, do you? She told me to come here, and here I am. She told me to ride over on Vixen, and so I did. She told me to take the dogs for company, and they followed me. She told me to put the pistols in my pocket for protection, and here they are. She told me that I mustn't refuse to marry Cousin Sam, and I don't mean to. And so, if Cousin Sam will take me "for better for worse," here I am—all meekness and obedience! La! Mrs Scrope, you don't know what a girl I am, and how I've been brought up. I mean to turn Scrope Hall out of windows when we are married. Did you ever follow the hounds, Sam? it's such fun! Sam faintly said 'No,' retreating further and further, pursued by the young lady, her dogs having quietly stretched themselves on the rug. At length, matters reached their climax; for Miss Elspeth Gordon, pulling off her gloves, placed one lily hand on Sam's shoulder, and with the other began patting his fat white cheeks, saying in a coaxing tone: 'Ducky musn't be frightened. Ducky will learn to leap a five-barred, won't he? and to ride steeple-chase, won't he, to please Ellie?'

Blushing scarlet, Sam eluded her gentle touch, and rushed from the room, while Mrs Scrope, bewildered and miserable, persuaded her singular guest to adjourn to the chamber prepared for her reception. She re-issued thence in the same attire, merely having cast aside her slouched hat, and substituted a velvet cap of conical form in its stead, beneath which her hair was not visible, while the green spectacles rested on her nose as before. After the repast was over (a repast most uncomfortable to Mrs Scrope and Sam, who scarcely tasted food or uttered a syllable, the young lady talking incessantly all the time about horses, dogs, firearms, her own wonderful feats, and what she would do when she became her own mistress), Ellie took out a cigar-case and handed it to Sam, inquiring indifferently: 'Do you smoke?' Too much astonished and embarrassed to reply, the young man looked at his mother, who with grave looks answered for her son: 'No, miss, Sam doesn't smoke; and allow me to say, it is remarkable to see a lady carrying and offering such things as those.'

'La! ma'am; Aunt Pamela said to me: "Don't forget your cigar-case, Ellie,"' replied the guest with simplicity; 'and so you see I didn't forget it.'

'I don't allow smoking on my premises, miss,' said Mrs Scrope authoritatively.

'Well, well, ma'am, don't put yourself in a passion,' rejoined Ellie sweetly; 'I'll wait till they're mine, and

then see if I don't smoke you out! Ha, ha, ha! But perhaps Cousin Sam is a snuff-taker'—handing to the wretched Sam a unique gold box full of 'Prince's mixture.'

'No, miss, my son does nothing of the kind,' replied Mrs Scrope, she alone being the speaker—Sam's heart was too full for speech—and allow me to remark, that snuff-taking is another singular habit for a young lady.'

'La! ma'am,' responded Ellie, smiling imperturbably—'Miss Pamela said to me: "Don't forget your snuff-box, Ellie;" and so you see I didn't forget it. I'll teach Sam to snuff famously when he's my husband. Won't we snuff and smoke, Sam? Are you fond of home-brewed, Sam? You should see our groom Tom drink it.'

'You're a water-drinker, I observe, miss,' said Mrs Scrope stiffly, by way of saying something.

Elspeth looked very sly, and smacking her pretty lips, replied: 'Ah, I ain't thirsty to-day! you should see me sometimes!'

'And this is the young lady of Miss Pamela Gordon's bringing up!' said Mrs Scrope, when she retired for the night, tears of vexation ready to start from her eyes; 'this is a wife for my poor Sam. She'll marry him perforce; I see she will, she's so desperately in love with him already. They say opposites often fancy each other in this way; but if she had a million, instead of only forty thousand pounds, she'd never do for Sam. I see her eyes sparkle through those green glasses; she'll smoke me out—O to be sure!'

Mrs Scrope, in the habit of thinking aloud, did not remark that her maid Martha loitered in the room, as if desirous of speaking out something which burdened her mind; and unable to keep it any longer, the hand-maid broke in with: 'O missis, 'xuse me, but Tom, Miss Gordon's groom, as come with her, says—at least he hints, which is much the same—that Miss Ellie won't never do for Master Samuel. She's a regular lass of spirit, he says, and he means more than he says. And he says outright, with such a broad grin on his red face, that if Miss Ellie ever marries Master Sam, she'll horsewhip him to a dead certainty, and turn the old one out of doors. Yes, ma'am, she calls you "the old one!"'

'Alas!' thought Mrs Scrope, as she laid her head that night on a restless pillow, 'what is to be done? There is near forty thousand pounds at stake. What could Mr Whitehead mean by making such a will? and knowing this odious miss too!'

For one whole week did Miss Elspeth Gordon turn Scrope Hall completely topsy-turvy; never was such a din and racket heard; the servants grinned, and ran hither and thither, and Mrs Scrope was nearly out of her mind with fright and vexation. Miss Elspeth also made such desperate love to Sam, that Sam, flattered and bewildered, was inveigled out on a wet day to walk with the Amazon through the woods; and following her steps through brake and brier, fairly stuck in a dismal swamp, got soaked to the skin, and took to his bed at once, putting his nose out of the blankets, only to ask 'if that Jezebel had gone.'

'No, my dear,' said his anxious mother; 'your Cousin Elspeth is not gone yet; she wants to see you.'

'To see me!' cried Sam. 'What! would she follow me even into my sick-chamber, the impudent hussy? I'll never see her again, mother; you may tell her so—she'll kill me; tell her to begone. Oh—oh—what a twinge! I wish she had it, the Jezebel! and she laughed at me too. I'll never forgive that.'

'But the forty thousand, Sam,' said Mrs Scrope, sighing deeply; 'think of that, Sam.'

'I do think of that, mother,' said the miserable Sam; 'and it almost breaks my heart, it does, to give it up. I wish she'd give me up; I wish with all my heart that she had taken a dislike to me.'

'Ah, my darling,' said the fond mother, 'you cannot wonder that she does not do that. The mortification will be severe enough when she has to return to that precious Miss Pamela with the tidings that you have refused her. But, after all, she may improve, Sam, my dear, and perhaps it is worth while to try; for though you possess forty thousand pounds of your own, it would be very convenient to have as much more.'

'Mother,' replied Sam solemnly, 'if you wish to see me in my grave, you'll marry me to this dreadful woman. Tom Hicks, Miss Pamela's groom, a most respectable man, who has lived with Miss Pamela these twenty years, and whose wife is cook there—Tom Hicks told me, that if ever Miss Ellie Gordon was my wife, he'd not give a brass farthing for my life. "If she marries you, sir, she'll worry you to death in a year; if you marry her, sir, you'll get a"— But Tom Hicks didn't say what, though I guess he meant a Tartar! No, mother, my mind's made up; I'll have nothing to do with her, and you may tell her so at once. She laughs so wildly, too, I declare I'm all over skeerie like when I hear it. Let her go! let her go!—and well rid of her at any cost.'

'Do you really mean to tell me, ma'am, that Mr Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, absolutely refuses to marry me?' cried Miss Elspeth Gordon in a voice of high indignation. 'I'll not give him up so easily—no, that I won't, that I won't,' and the voice almost rose to a hysterical sob and laugh.

'Calm yourself, pray, miss,' replied Mrs Scrope with severity—she did not care about keeping terms now the chance had gone—'calm yourself, pray. My son's mind is quite made up; and allow me to say, that the sooner you return to the protection of Miss Pamela Gordon the better, as we particularly desire a quiet house, now my poor son is so ill—an illness, miss, entirely brought on by your extremely improper and indelicate proceedings.'

'I'll tell Aunt Pam!' whimpered the young lady, taking out her cambric handkerchief. 'I'm badly used by Cousin Sam—that I am. You asked me here to marry me to him; and now I've come, you send me off again, just because Cousin Sam don't like my green specs.'

'No, miss; you well know that is *not* the reason why my son Sam rejects the honour of your alliance,' responded Mrs Scrope, bridling up, and getting very red in the face; 'and if you had ten thousand times forty thousand pounds in your hand to offer him for marrying you, he'd refuse the bribe, miss.' Mrs Scrope spoke very loud. 'My son, Samuel Scrope, will never marry, for the sake of lucre only, a smoking, snuffing, horsewhipping, dog-baiting'—

'Go on, ma'am—go on with your peroration,' sobbed the young lady, with her handkerchief at her face. 'I'm very badly used—that I am; and I cannot face Aunt Pamela, and tell her all this. She'll never believe it, unless Cousin Sam writes her a letter all in form, to say he won't marry me. I cannot tell her myself, ma'am—indeed I cannot,' and Miss Ellie began to blubber violently.

'Well, I'm sure if you'll go away in peace, miss, my son shall write the letter at once, and communicate, in formal terms, his rejection of your hand,' interrupted Mrs Scrope, only too glad to clear her house on any terms.

'I'll go when you give me a letter—but won't you let me see Sam?' said the green-spectacled damsel, in a wheedling tone, sidling up to Mrs Scrope, with her conical velvet cap vibrating from some inward emotion. 'Give my love to cousin then; and if I may not see him, tell the dear fellow that I'll be a sister to him in heart, if he refuses me for a wife.'

'Indeed I'll tell him no such thing, miss,' said Mrs Scrope with asperity; 'he'd rather not have you in

either character. You've half killed him; and the mischief your two dogs have done is incalculable. You shall have the letter in half an hour; so please to be in readiness for departure, miss, if it quite suits your convenience. Excuse my want of ceremony; but a sick house, miss, must plead for a mother's want of time; so I bid you a very good morning, and wish you a very pleasant journey, miss; and, pray, present my compliments and Sam's compliments to Miss Pamela Gordon.' As the incensed lady hurried out of the room, and up stairs to her son's apartment, what a wild elfin laugh rang in her ears! What could it be? It was doubtless the Jezebel in hysterics; and Mrs Scrope hastened her steps in a fright.

Mounted on Vixen, prancing and curvetting down the avenue, and attended by Tom, with Juno and Peto bounding and frisking for joy, Miss Elspeth Gordon, provided with the letter, turned her head, and waved an adieu to Scrope Hall; and as the little cavalcade receded in the distance, again the same clear wild laugh floated past on the morning breeze.

It was not very long after these events, when Mrs Scrope—who had never ceased to lament the loss of Mr Whitehead's fortune, even going the great length of upbraiding Sam for having been too premature in rejecting the young lady—was informed by her elder son in person, of his approaching marriage with Miss Elspeth Gordon. Mrs Scrope was of course delighted to hear that the money, after all, was not going out of the family; but concluded her remarks by saying: 'Well, Frank, I'm sure I wish you joy of your bargain; forty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at, as I told Sam. However, you have fine health and spirits, and may be able to manage her; but mind, I shan't be in the least astonished to hear that your bride has horsewhipped you before the honeymoon is over!'

'Never mind, mother,' cried Frank, gaily laughing; 'if she horsewhips me, I'll flog her soundly, I promise you. I hope you'll come and see us soon, and bring Sam with you. I'll promise that Ellie shall behave herself.'

To Mrs Scrope's dying day, she never could comprehend by what means her son Frank Eardley had wrought so wonderful a change in his wife; and even Sam, who always remained a bachelor, was heard to declare, that if he could meet with an exact counterpart of Frank's wife, he too would marry.

'But who could guess,' said Sam, 'that matrimony would transform a mad woman, in odious green spectacles and a sugar-loaf cap, into a mild, pretty, kind creature, who never laughs at a fellow because he's got a cold or a face ache?'

A BASKET OF TROPICAL FRUITS.

In these marvellous modern times of ours, when the wonders of Eastern fiction are outdone by the everyday transactions of common life; when the magical electric telegraph gives us news of events that are taking place a thousand miles distant, almost within the same hour, and the rapid train carries us from our northern capital to London between breakfast and dinner; when the steam-packets bring us intelligence from our friends in the tropics, more quickly and with far greater certainty than the post occasionally travels from Shetland, it would seem as if little could be told us new of distant countries and their productions. Our museums are filled with the lifelike forms of animals that expired in another hemisphere; our hot-houses and gardens are gorgeous with the flowers of Southern Africa, Mexico, or 'far Cathay'; our fruit-shops spread wide in our streets the fragrance of pines from Bermuda, and tempt us with dates from India, negro-nuts from Africa, pomegranates from Spain, bananas from Guiana, and yams from Grenada. The best of every land's productions is brought to add to our luxurious enjoyment—

what, then, remains worth knowing in those countries which are broiling under a vertical sun?

Much, nevertheless, remains, both of valuable and curious, deserving the notice of the inquiring northern public. Many of the most delicious fruits are too perishable to survive even the short passage by steam; and many that are much prized by the natives, would not be sufficiently esteemed by the multitude to make it worth while to send them to Europe for sale, and are only brought to England as gifts to distant friends, to remind them of their native country. We propose giving a short description of some of these less-known fruits, particularly those which grow in the West Indies.

Passing over the regal pine-apple, which has long been known to the wealthy and great, whose fortunes enable them to produce in their own pineries specimens far superior in flavour and quality to the uncultivated anana of the tropics, and which of late years, brought by fast-sailing vessels from Bahama and Bermuda, are occasionally sold cheaper in our markets than they could be purchased in many of the West India islands—we will commence with the fruit next in estimation, and by many preferred to the pine, as a safer and more useful fruit—the Avocado-pear (*Persea Gratissima*).

In the centre of this fruit, which is pear-shaped, but about six times larger than the pear of Europe, is a stone or kernel of the size of a cricket-ball, which, when cut or bruised, gives out an acid juice, that stains linen or calico with an indelible brown colour, and is sometimes used as marking-ink, by stretching the article to be marked over the kernel, and pricking out the letters with a needle. The eatable part of the fruit, nearly an inch thick, lies between this stone and the leathery outer skin, which is sometimes purplish brown, sometimes dark-green. It can scarcely be called a pulp, for its consistence is that of fresh butter; its colour, yellowish green. It resembles marrow in taste, and, like it, melts in the mouth deliciously. It is frequently eaten with salt and pepper—some people add lime-juice—but most commonly with salt alone. A very usual way of using it, is spreading it on bread, with a little salt, whence it is sometimes called 'sub-altern's butter,' and forms a most agreeable addition to breakfast and lunch. Strangers at first rarely like it, but they very soon acquire the taste for it, and generally prefer it to all other tropical fruits. It ripens only on the tree, and does not keep many days when plucked. The tree grows to the height of a common apple-tree; it has large, oblong smooth leaves, resembling those of the laurel, to which it is nearly allied.

The papaw and the mamee are two fruits whose names sound strangely to the ears of foreigners. The latter (*Mammea Americana*) is more remarkable for the beauty and size of the tree it grows on, than for its intrinsic merit as a fruit. Its height is sometimes sixty feet; its trunk sixteen feet in circumference; it grows in a beautiful, rounded shape; its leaves are large, oblong, and shining. The mamee, in size and shape, is like a middle-sized turnip, but with a coarse, brown leathery skin. When peeled, the fruit is sliced off the centre, where the large seeds form a compact ball with the fruit, which in that part is hard and unpalatable. The fruit is of a yellowish brown, rather sweet, but hard, and not reckoned safe for delicate stomachs.

The papaw-tree (*Carica papaya*) shoots up to the height of twenty feet, a hollow, straight stem, so soft that a common knife might cut it down. It is naked till within two feet of the top, where it bears a round head, not of branches, but of leaves of an immense size, deeply cut in many irregular lobes, having very long footstalks. At the axils of these grow the fruit, forming a gigantic cluster at the top of the tree. This fruit is oblong, sometimes a foot in length, and five inches in diameter. When ripe, it is of a beautiful orange-yellow, the inside being of the same hue. It

resembles a melon when cut open, with a profusion of little black seeds in the hollow centre, each seed being enclosed in a thin transparent membrane of the size of a pepper-corn. The ripe fruit is almost mawkishly sweet, but being full of cool juice, is very refreshing in a warm climate. Before it is fully ripe, it makes a very agreeable vegetable for the dinner-table, being pared, boiled, and mashed like turnips, which it then somewhat resembles in taste. In its green state, it also forms an important ingredient in the beautiful West Indian pickles. Slices of it, with the green skin carved in fantastical figures, are carefully arranged, with red bonnet-peppers, chillies, and white mountain-cabbage, so as to shew to the best advantage through the sides of the square pickle-bottle. It is sometimes also preserved in sugar, and sent to Britain as a treat to West Indians, but is not generally admired in that form, being quite deficient in acid.

Every part of the papaw-tree abounds with a milky sap, which it gives out freely when cut. It possesses a strange quality of making meat tender—very valuable in a country where the heat of the climate obliges all animal food to be cooked and consumed within thirty hours of its being slaughtered. If the negro cook is doubtful about the age and tenderness of her poultry, she hangs it, after killing and plucking, half an hour in the papaw-tree, or wraps up her beef-steaks in its leaves a short time before cooking. If a pig, in fattening, gets too many papaws, or if it is tied to the root of the tree, the pork becomes so tender and soft that it falls off the spit in roasting. This quality is so well known, that jockeys, when desirous of bringing down the flesh of a racer rapidly, for some reason only known to the initiated, give him daily a wine-glassful of the juice for a week, when he looks as lean and emaciated as could be wished. From this useful property of the papaw-tree, it is planted near every dwelling. It springs from the seed, requires no cultivation or care, and produces fruit in less than twelve months. Its rapidity of growth is such, that the writer of these notes saw one, chance-sown, eight feet high, and loaded with fruit, within the space of eleven months, growing on what had been the threshold of a dwelling-house, which was thrown down by the fearful hurricane of the 11th of August 1831. Close by the spot where the master of the house, with two helpless children in his arms, had been overwhelmed by the falling of the wall, and sending its roots to seek nourishment among the broken bricks of the foundation, it flaunted gaily its yellow blossoms and fast-ripening fruit.

The tree of the star-apple (*Chrysophyllum Cainito*) grows to the height of fifty feet, and as it spreads its branches very wide, it is really a handsome tree. The leaves are of the size and shape of those of the common laurel, of a beautiful pale-green above, and on the underside of a bright cinnamon brown, or like a piece of satin of the colour which *modistes* call *aven-turine*. The fruit is of the size of a small apple, round, and brown in colour. When cut across, it displays a star, formed by ten shining black seeds, shaped like the kernel of the almond, whence it takes its name. When fully ripe, the fruit is delicious; it is very glutinous, and its pulp is full of white juice, thick and rich as cream. The taste resembles stewed pears and cream. There are several smaller fruits very similar in quality, but not so delicious—such as the *Chrysophyllum monopyrenum*, or star-plum, the *C. glabra* or callimato, which resemble damsons in size, shape, and colour, but have the taste and gluten of the star-apple. The *spodilla* (*Achras zapota*) is smaller than the star-apple, and its juice is not milky, but clear and sweet. It has been likened to the medlar, as it is generally gathered unripe, and kept till it softens; but the reason of its being plucked so soon, is to save it from the bats, which are immoderately fond of it, and attack it

as soon as it begins to turn ripe, if it is allowed to remain so long on the tree. It is rather rare, and much esteemed.

The sour sop (*Annona muricata*) is a very strange-looking fruit; it is about twelve inches long, and five in diameter, crooked, brown, and covered with rough knobs. The French name, *Cœur de bœuf*, is intended to describe its appearance. It is full of snow-white fibrous pulp, mingled with black seeds; the sweet acid of the juice, which is abundant, renders it grateful and cooling. It is thought to be most wholesome and agreeable before breakfast. The sweet sop, or sugar-apple (*Annona squamosa*), is round, and about the size of the head of an artichoke, with hard scales imbedded in the soft pulp, which is white, not fibrous, as in the sour sop, and of a very agreeable flavour. There are some others of the *Annonaceæ*, which are in considerable estimation.

The beautiful climbing-plants of the tribe of *Passifloræ* contribute agreeably to the dessert. The grenadilla (*Passiflora quadrangularis*) is the largest of these fruits, being the size of a melon, and of an oblong shape. A slice of the rind, which is nearly an inch thick, being cut off at the top or stalk end of the grenadilla, the pulpy juice, of which there is nearly a pint, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured by the addition of two glasses of white wine, is served in jelly-glasses. The rind, which is soft and insipid, is pounded, mixed with beaten eggs, sugar, and spices, and fried, and makes its appearance at the third course as fritters. The plant requires the support of a trellis, like the grape-vine; and the pendent flowers, in the cool of the morning, ere they are tarnished by the heat of the sun, are indescribably beautiful and fragrant. They are the giants of the *Passifloræ*; the crown, of brilliant purple rays, is as big as a large tea-cup, and the leaves are six inches long. The plant is very delicate—a touch will make the flower fall; and the negro gardeners have a superstitious idea, that even to point at one will prevent its producing fruit. The water-lemon (*Passiflora laurifolia*) bears a fruit of the size of a lemon, with a bright orange rind, the touch of which resembles that of a peach. The juice is like that of the grenadilla, but does not require the help of sugar and wine. The *Passiflora maliformis*, or couch-apple, is more admired for its beauty than for its excellence as a fruit. It is quite round, with a hard woody rind of a peculiar shade of orange. The *Passiflora foetida*, or Love in a mist, is more remarkable for its curious appearance than for its value, though children eagerly seek it. Its calyx resembles that of the moss-rose; it is persistent, and encloses the fruit, which is of the size of a hazel-nut, and yellow when ripe. The whole plant is clammy, and has a disagreeable smell. The Barbados cherry-tree (*Malpighia glabra*) when covered with fruit is a very beautiful object, the bright scarlet of the berry contrasting beautifully with the shining green leaf. Except in appearance, it has no connection with the European cherry; but when made into jam, the flavour is somewhat similar. It is generally too acid to be eaten as a fruit, and contains three seeds, which are troublesome in the mouth. The tree bears four or five times in the year, and the fruit is ripe in less than three weeks after flowering. There is another species, *M. urens*, which has the under-side of the leaves beset with stinging hairs, like cowhage.

The red sorrel (*Hibiscus sabbardifolia*) can scarcely be called a fruit, though it makes an excellent preserve for tarts and pies when boiled with sugar. Its height is about four feet, its flowers resemble the single yellow hollyhock, the stem and calyxes are red, and the leaves are sometimes veined and tipped with red. After flowering, the calyxes enlarge greatly, and their divisions clasp the green seed-vessel as with crimson fleshy fingers. When full grown, the calyxes are separated from the seeds, and are preserved with sugar, if for

tarts; or are made into sorrel-drink by steeping in boiling water, which is strained, sweetened, and bottled, a few cloves being put to each bottle. In two or three days it is fit for use, brisk as ginger-beer, and requiring as much precaution in opening as soda-water. It is of a beautiful pink colour; and its flavour and refreshing coolness can be appreciated only by those who have drunk it when fainting with the oppressive heat of a tropical noon.

The *Arachis hypogæa*, or negro-nut, is so often sold in our fruit-shops, that it would seem superfluous to make any remark on it; its habits are, however, so singular, that it is worthy of particular notice. It is of the order *Papilionaceæ*, or pea-flowers. It is a low creeping-plant with yellow flowers: after they drop off, and the pods begin to form, they bury themselves in the earth, where they come to maturity. The pod is woody and dry, containing from one to three peas, or nuts, as they are called; hence the common name, ground-nut. They require to be parched in an oven before they can be eaten, and form a chief article of food in many parts of Africa.

The cocoan-plum, or fat pork (*Chrysobalanus icaco*), is a wild-fruit of the size and colour of a plum, which deserves notice only from the singularity of its name, being derived from its appearance when cut, its inside being exactly like a slice of fresh pork. It is never cultivated, and is of no value.

The orange tribe flourishes in the West Indies in every variety, from the gigantic shaddock (so called after the captain of the ship which brought the first plants from China to the West India islands), of the size of a child's head, to the diminutive sweet lime (*Tryphasia aurantiola*), which is only large enough to contain within its rind three small seeds, and one drop of sweet, clammy juice, which, before ripening, is so strong a glue, that it is frequently used to cement china ornaments, toys, &c. The bitter Seville orange, from which the famed Scotch marmalade is made, in a hot climate, ripened on the tree, is a fine eating fruit, having only a slight aromatic bitter, which is very agreeable. This orange is considered beneficial and cooling, especially in low fever. The flavour of common or sweet oranges is much superior in countries where they are grown to what it is when imported to Britain, as they have to be gathered unripe, to prevent their spoiling on the voyage. In some of the islands they are so abundant, that the roads are strewn with ripe oranges, which fall ungathered; and in Jamaica, a tumblerful of the expressed juice is frequently taken as a morning-draught. To enumerate the uses of the juice of the lime (*Citrus lina*) would require a volume. No gift of Providence to the torrid zone is more widely beneficial; and how agreeable its flavour is, the Glasgow citizens can best declare, for their far-famed punch is indebted to it for its delicious aroma. The forbidden-fruit and the grape-fruit are intermediate in size between the shaddock and the orange: all are excellent and wholesome.

The breadfruit, the transplantation of which from the South Sea islands to the Antilles was productive of so much adventure, disaster, romance, and even poetry, has hardly obtained in its new abode the favour it deserves. Few tales of adventure are more widely known than that of the voyage of the *Bounty*, in 1787, to carry plants of the breadfruit-tree to the West Indies; of the mutiny of the crew, and Captain Bligh's perilous voyage of five thousand miles in an open boat, with a few seamen, when set adrift by the mutineers; of the capture of some of the mutineers by H.M.S. *Pandora*, which was sent to Otaheite by government for that purpose; of the shipwreck of that vessel on the coast of New Holland, and the drowning of several of the unfortunate prisoners, whose fetters prevented their escape by swimming; and of the founding of the colony of Pitcairn's island by some of the mutineers, who had

left Otaheite previous to the arrival of the *Pandora*, with some natives, male and female, whose descendants are there to this day. The genius of Byron employed itself in giving still wider publicity to the strange and eventful story, it being the groundwork of his poem of *The Island*—the hero, Torquil, 'the blue-eyed northern child,' being a midshipman of the name of Stewart, of a highly respectable family in the Orkneys, whose last surviving sister now resides in Edinburgh. As an ornamental tree, the breadfruit (*Artocarpus incisa*) has few rivals. Its enormous leaves, dark-green and shining, and deeply indented, are placed in the most regular manner round the branches, which are terminated by the round fruit, large as a melon, and cut on the surface in hexagonal forms, like the back of the tortoise. The shape of the tree is a compact cone; and were it only for its beauty, it deserves a place in every tropical garden, more especially as it is of the easiest culture. The fruit should be gathered just before it begins to turn yellow. It is good when boiled and sliced, to eat with meat, like potato; but much more delicious roasted and buttered, when hot: in this way it forms one of the many excellent breakfast-dishes of the West Indies. The *Spondias dulcis*, or golden-apple, was also brought from Otaheite by Captain Bligh, in his subsequent voyage in the *Providence*, in 1791, when he succeeded in bringing plants of the breadfruit to the botanical gardens of St Vincent, and also to Jamaica. The golden-apple is of the size of an egg; it has a large stone in the centre; its taste and flavour are pleasant; and being still rare, it is much sought after.

The mango (*Mangifera Indica*) is an abundant and highly-prized fruit; it is as large as a goose-egg, of a beautiful peach colour on one side, and green on the other. It has a large flattened stone in the centre of its pulp, which is very juicy. Some of the less valuable kinds have a strong flavour of turpentine. The tree, when full of fruit, is a beautiful object. It is not reckoned safe to indulge much in mangoes; and it is said that in Demerara, where they are extremely plentiful, there is an annual epidemic among the negroes, corresponding to the season when this fruit is ripe.

MEMORIALS OF A POET COLLECTED BY A STATESMAN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has not written a biography of Moore. At the request of the poet himself, made in his will, he has merely selected certain papers and letters from those committed to his charge, and published them in a form and sequence illustrative of the life and character of Moore. This he did, as requested, with the view of making 'some provision for the family of the deceased;' and so successfully, it appears, that the bereavement of Mrs Moore—now the sole survivor—is not embittered by any change in her pecuniary circumstances. Being thus unencumbered with the stern responsibilities of a biographer, Lord John Russell has been able to execute his task in a manner that does credit to his humane and gentlemanly feelings; excluding everything from the memorials of his friend that could give unnecessary pain to the living.

The two volumes now published* contain a preface by the editor; a memoir by the poet, from his birth to the year 1799; a selection from his correspondence up to 1818; and a diary from the middle of that year, onward to the middle of 1819, when Moore was in his fortieth year.

The preface is an *éloge* on his friend, fully borne out by the documents that succeed, and in a hasty survey like this, calling for remark on only one point. Lord

John, in reviewing the life of Moore, appears to have been struck with the circumstance, that a man of talent, energy, and high character, who had lived on terms of intimate friendship with the most influential men in the kingdom, should have died without having been able to make any provision whatever for a wife whom he almost worshipped. This must of course tell either against the poet or the order to which Lord John belongs; and the noble editor gets out of the dilemma in rather an illogical way. 'It may,' says he, 'with truth be averred, that while literary men of acknowledged talent have a claim on the government of their country, to save them from penury or urgent distress, it is better for literature that eminent authors should not look to political patronage for their maintenance. It is desirable that they who are the heirs of fame should preserve an independence of position, and that the rewards of the crown should not bind men of letters in servile adherence.' This means, if it means anything at all, that literary men, *as such*, should be excluded from the service of the crown, lest they should cease to be independent; that is to say, that a poet, for instance—a novelist—a historian—a moral or religious writer—should by no means be admitted into any of the public offices, lest his literary productions should receive a political bias! If a seat in the cabinet were in question, this might be all very well; but we are unable to see how, by placing an author in a position of pecuniary independence—for no one can be turned out of a government appointment, without cause, once he is in it—you make him a slave and a parasite. Does Lord John imagine that the £300 a year granted to Moore as a pension, and obtained only by an avowal of indigence, would have been less creditable to the poet and the dispensers of public patronage, if it had come to him in the shape of a retiring allowance?

As for the too high estimate formed by the editor of his hero's character as a poet, that is natural enough, and in a personal friend even amiable. Moore, however, was but a surface poet, though great in that capacity. Inferior in depth to Wordsworth and Byron, in truth to Crabbe, in lyric feeling to Campbell, in description and narrative to Scott, his name should be nearly the lowest in the list of distinguished poets of the time. But, nevertheless, he has grace and feeling—not, as Lord John says, 'tender and touching feeling,' but rather sweet and elegant feeling; he is a master in versification; and if in his songs he does take a stanza, or a couple of stanzas, to elaborate a thought expressed by poets of higher genius in a line, nothing, when it is elaborated, can be rounder, or smoother, or more exquisitely complete. It is perhaps, indeed, to the exclusively sensuous nature of his emotions that Moore owes his brilliant reputation; for the favour of the aristocracy, although it might launch him into sudden popularity, could not have sustained him there, unless there had been some direct sympathy between him and the multitude. The expression in Byron's dedication is not overcharged: he was in reality 'the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own.'

Moore was the son of a small tradesman in Dublin, where he was born in 1779. How from a condition comparatively so humble, he should have wrought his way up, or rather shot suddenly up, to be the associate of lords and princes, is clearly shewn, in these volumes, to reflecting readers. If Moore had been an Englishman, his chance would have been little; if a Scotsman, none at all; but in Ireland, society is on quite a different footing. There, an evening-party may take place in a bedroom, as we learn from the Memoir, for want of other accommodation; but there will be no want, on that account, of assumption on the part of the host, or of respect and politeness on that of the guests. 'Such are harmless peculiarities,' as this humble pen observed on another occasion, 'and better than harmless. The English, in these things, are a more matter-

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by Lord John Russell. London: Longman. 1853.

of fact people; but they are so because they consider money the sovereign good, and the pursuit of it the most honourable of all employments. In Ireland, no man is despised merely because he is poor; and if an Irishman is vain, you will at least find nobody so merciful as he to the little vanities of his neighbours. Irish vanity is not a cold, hard, selfish feeling. It is willing to live and let live. It does not raise itself up at the expense of others, and stand aloof, with eyes half-shut, and the corners of the mouth dropped, scowling a smile at inferiority. If as much tolerance were exhibited in matters of religion as of vanity, Ireland would be almost happy in the midst of starvation.*

Moore, although the son of a small tradesman, was a show-child almost from his birth. A precocious talent for recitation was encouraged to the utmost; and he saw so much of society both at home and abroad, that when a very little boy, he was able to distinguish vulgar people on meeting them, even when surrounded by all the prestiges of wealth. When only eight years of age, he recited and acted publicly at an examination of the school he attended; and when very little older, he was engaged, with grown people, in private theatricals. To his mother, like most of those men who have risen to distinction, he owed everything. She watched over the development of her show-child with untiring care; and at one school-examination, while the bigger lads, ashamed of being headed by so diminutive a boy, stood above him, although the head of the class was his place, she rose up in the visitors' gallery, and remonstrated against the injustice with a spirit which elicited a round of applause. It is not a memoir of Moore, however, we are now writing: we allude to these things merely as throwing some light upon the manner of his advancement in life.

The Memoir is not generally amusing or interesting, but it has, nevertheless, some things worth repeating. The subject of Moore's first verses, written at ten or eleven years of age, was a French toy, called a 'quiz,' and this leads to an anecdote of Wellington: "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have ever heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face: "Well, let who will get on in this world, you certainly will not."

A capital reciter, harlequin, actor, singer, and debater, Moore of course made acquaintance with many extraordinary persons. Among his college comrades was 'Hugh George Macklin—or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio—who had attained a good deal of reputation, both in his collegiate course and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymist to a considerable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money—which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case—his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which menace, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting powers, it was told of him that, being asked once, on

the eve of a great public examination, whether he was well prepared in his conic sections, "Prepared!" he exclaimed—"I could whistle them!" In a mock account, written some time after, of a night's proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the fines enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows:—"Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling for whistling conic sections."

The Memoir closes with the first appearance of Lord Moira upon the scene. 'It was, I believe, on my next visit to England, that, having through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington Park, on my way to London. This was of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me himself to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but, at the same time, most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house.'

We now come to the letters, which are by far the most interesting portion of the work. They are chiefly addressed to his 'dearest darling mother,' and exhibit the progress of the show-child, received, caressed, petted, by everybody, up to royalty itself, yet retaining his home-feelings as pure and warm as ever. In London, to which he proceeded in 1799, for the purpose of publishing his translation of Anacreon, he takes up his lodgings in a little back-room, on the second floor, at six shillings a week. 'Tell me whether you think my lodging is very dear; I assure you I find it extremely comfortable; they have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the *traiteur's* like a prince, for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouillie, rice-pudding, and porter, for ninepence-halfpenny; if that be not cheap, the deuce is in it.' The landlady of his former lodgings had been very kind to him. 'I must tell you a trait of my landlady in Bury Street. A few days before I came here, I happened to ask her about some tailor she knew, saying, at the same time, that I meant to change mine, on account of his not treating me well, in urging me for the small balance of a very large bill I had paid him. The good woman took that opportunity of telling me, that all her money was at her banker's, and would be much better to be employed by me than to lie idle; and that she requested I would make use of any part of it to any amount I might have occasion for. I could not help crying a little at such kindness from a stranger, told her I did not want it, and went and thanked God upon my knees for the many sweet things of this kind he so continually throws in my way.' At this time he was an unknown lad of nineteen or twenty.

But we must come to higher matters: 'I was yesterday (August 3, 1800) introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a *man of my abilities*; and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me and said, the honour was *entirely his*, in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society*; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat*; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it

* Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic. London: Longman. 1837.

cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat*, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds.'

The series of letters is broken by a full account of his duel with Jeffrey; and in one of the letters he wrote to a friend on the subject, he signs himself very appropriately, 'Ever yours, Tom Foot, till death.' The amusing part of the affair is the conversation which took place between the two combatants, while their seconds were loading the pistols. 'All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together: "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered with a slight smile; "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?"'

In 1814, Jeffrey was desirous of adding the popular poet to the staff of contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*; and instead of addressing him direct, although they were by that time on somewhat familiar terms, he wrote a long letter to Rogers on the subject, soliciting humbly but urgently his influence with Moore. 'And now,' he continues, 'I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously.' This earnestness of Jeffrey is not caused so much by his admiration of Moore, as by the literary exigencies of the *Review*. 'I am extremely anxious,' says he, in a subsequent letter to the poet himself, 'to have you fairly dipped in our ink, and should feel my periodical anxiety very much lightened for the next number, if I could but reckon on its containing one little piece of yours, however short and inelaborate. We are most in want of light articles, indeed, of late, as I daresay you have observed; and they bear a higher value with us, like light guineas under the bullion act.'

Moore's first paper, though thankfully received, does not seem to have altogether come up to Jeffrey's expectation. The new contributor was more merciful in a certain castigation than the autocrat desired. 'I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity which to hard-fibred men is mere tickling.' He then suggested another subject, 'on which more strength may be suitably put forth, and is not quite so anxious as before as to time. 'If I were not afraid of relaxing your zeal and exertions, I would add, that if it would accommodate you materially, I believe I could make a shift to get through this number without them; my contributions have come in rather better than I expected, and I am now at all events quite sure of *quantity* enough to fill up my pages; so if you think you could finish the article more to your own satisfaction by keeping it a fortnight or three weeks longer on your hands, I shall try to get on without it for this time, and reckon upon having it to begin the next.' All this is curious, as giving one a peep behind the scenes, where matters are found to wear a very different aspect

from what we expected. Jeffrey, indeed, appears to have been at his wits' end for recruits.

About this time, in the dead of winter, while residing in a cottage in Derbyshire, Moore was busily occupied with *Lalla Rookh*, the subject of which had been suggested to him by Rogers. So independent was the poet in his transactions with publishers, that when Longman communicated to him his readiness to treat for a poem of the length of *Rokeby* on the basis of 3000 guineas as the price, only requesting a perusal before concluding, the terms were rejected. The poet would have no 'ifs,' 'Murray's two thousand without this distasteful stipulation is better than the three with it.' Longman seems at once to have succumbed, signing the following agreement:—'That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours of the length of *Rokeby*, you shall receive from us the sum of L.3000. We also agree to the stipulation, that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own setting.'

Moore having thus gratified his spirit of independence, acted afterwards in a most liberal and gentlemanly manner, as this letter to Mr Longman, written in the following year, will shew:—'MATFIELD COTTAGE, April 25, 1815.—MY DEAR SIR—I hope to see you in town the beginning of next week. I had copied out fairly about 4000 lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I promised; but, upon further consideration, I have changed my intention: for it has occurred to me, that if you should happen not to be quite as much pleased with what I have done as I could wish, it might have the effect of disheartening me for the execution of the remaining and most interesting part, so I shall take the liberty of withholding it from your perusal till it is finished; and then, I repeat, it shall be perfectly in your power to cancel our agreement, if the merits of the work should not meet your expectation. It will consist altogether of at least 6000 lines, and as into *every one* of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished*; and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season: this I wish to do, in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, &c.; and as the fiction is merely a *poetic licence*, you will perhaps let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense, it is nearly true, as I have written almost the full *quantity* of verses I originally intended.'

Here is a picture of an author's family as few authors' families appear: 'I like the Struts exceedingly; and it was not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty natural girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl, a very nice dancer as well as a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family: they meet every Sunday night, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably amongst them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks.' As a contrast, we may take the Burdett *ménage*. 'Two Miss Burdetts at dinner—nice girls. Burdett's style of living not at all equal to his means, either in expense or elegance. With such a fortune, he ought to make his private life a sort of counteraction to the plebeian tendency of his politics; like Washington, who threw all the graces and courtesies of aristocratic ceremony round his republican court; and unlike his successor,

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Jefferson, who seemed to delight in vulgarising democracy to its lowest pitch. Burdett, a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner; his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career.' Contrasts of this kind are far more common among public men than people are aware of.

We now come to a capital rebuff given by Paley: 'Parkinson was saying that Bakewell, the great breeder of cattle, had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, and could direct it to shoulder, leg, &c., just as he thought proper; "and this," says Parkinson, "is the great problem of his art." "It's a lie, sir," says Paley, "and that's the solution of it." An instance of comic persecution, original and inimitable:—The mayor of Cork, a very pompous knight, made many ostentatious displays during his office, and whatever he did, a club of these young fellows who called themselves "the corporation," imitated. When he gave a dinner, they did the same, and sent out cards that were a sort of parody on his. When he went down the river in pomp to visit some public works, they had a sort of procession up the river, to perform the same sort of ceremony on the Potato Quay. He had a medal struck to commemorate the half-centenary of the king's reign, and they had gingerbread struck on the same occasion; and when he sent one of these medals to the Regent, they sent one of their gingerbreads to him, covered with gold-leaf. I wonder the poor mayor did not die of it.'

When Moore was not in the company of the gay or the fair, the observed of all observers, he was at home with his wife, whom he absolutely idolised, generally spending the evening in reading plays or novels to her. Sometimes the amusement was varied, and we meet with this entry in his diary: 'Played a game of cribbage with Bessy after dinner, and lost sixpence to her.' Bessy was sometimes not quite prepared to see his noble friends: 'A dinner at Phipps's hanging over me all the morning: resolved, however, about three, to send an apology and dine at home, which was a relief from my day-mare. While I was at dinner, Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was shewing him upstairs; so in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots.'

Moore was not without his 'testimonials.' 'Received from one of my female correspondents a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles; another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady who enclosed me three pounds after reading *Lalla Rookh*, had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of *Lalla Rookh* had done the same, I need never have written again.' We cannot refrain from this literary anecdote: 'Sharpe mentioned the *Iter Subterraneum*, or *Klinius*, of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of *Gulliver*: in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round: another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers: "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it is very round." Here is Moore's opinion of *Don Juan*: 'Went to breakfast with Hobhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, full of talent and singularity, as

everything he writes must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable.' Many authors have had odd peculiarities in their selection of time and place for study. Sheridan, when he had anything special to do, used to get up at five o'clock, and eat toasted muffins as he wrote; while his biographer, Moore, on similar occasions, remained snugly in bed. 'Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Cribb*" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position—which Richenda, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought—or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition.'

In general, Moore seems to have been a methodical, though not quick writer. Every day he did something, or tried to do something. On productive days, about twenty lines of verse were a fair average; but the progress of his *Life of Sheridan* depended mainly on the influx of materials. In the *Diary*, many anecdotes are jotted down just as he heard them, and some of a nature which he could not very well use in a work in which he was so much hampered by the social *bien-séances*. This is the correct version of a good story, which is told in half-a-dozen different ways:—'Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, was seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added: "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again.' This, likewise, is characteristic: 'Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed: "And how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself; "And you, you fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing?"' The notion of Sheridan being angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall is amusing: it tempted the duns to stay by making them so comfortable!

Sheridan was a well-known practical joker: 'The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the House, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the sent to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against.' His jokes, however, were not always so innocent; such as, 'his strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them: Tickell fell among them, and was almost cut to pieces; and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." His drinking habits do not escape; but the truth of the following anecdote is problematical: 'At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning, he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending

important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was, indeed, a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable.' Here is an amusing pantomime: 'Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo, and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look.'

Upon the whole, this is a highly-interesting work; and its contents, although they must be considered merely as *mémoires pour servir*, are carefully arranged.

JUGGLERY OF MNEMONICS.

THE performances of Mr and Miss Eagle, alluded to in a late number, though a novelty in as far as the pretension to clairvoyance is concerned, are by no means so in themselves. From time to time, individuals come before the public, professing to answer almost any question that may be put to them, but not attempting to deny or conceal that they are enabled to do so by means of some trick or art known to themselves. In all of these cases, the exhibition may be held as mainly an exhibition of the powers of a well-trained memory, and in that light, it is not without interest for the public.

Like every faculty and function of the mind, memory is susceptible of culture. A person may have naturally a restricted memory, but it may be greatly enlarged by thoughtful consideration. Supposing, however, that all ordinary methods of improvement fail, recourse may be had to mnemonics, or the art of assisting the memory by certain devices. By this means a person may be said to form an artificial memory. Instead of attempting to remember any particular fact, he, through a process of association of ideas, substitutes something which is more easily remembered; and by recalling that, the fact itself is brought back to the mind. A familiar example of mnemonics occurs in children's remembrance of the church catechism. In poring over it, they recollect that certain questions, with their answers, stand in a particular part of the page; the answers are in this way associated with the place which they occupy; and by thinking of this place the answer is recalled to their mind. On this principle, it might answer a good purpose, in children's books, to print peculiar figures, in connection with facts in science, history, and other subjects; and the recollection of these would doubtless tend to fix a recollection of the facts on the mind. Every individual is less or more indebted to mnemonics. By an association of ideas, we remember the names of acquaintances, dates, tunes, and other circumstances. Practised public speakers, who require to depend much on memory, have ordinarily some method of preserving the train of ideas. We have heard of one who handles a stick in speaking; the stick has several small knots, which may be felt by the fingers; and as each knot in succession is felt, it recalls a certain branch of the subject. Other speakers, entering beforehand the apartment in which they are to deliver an address, fix on certain objects, and associate them with what they are to speak upon. Rhymes are useful for the same purpose; and every one may contrive for himself such a jingle of words as will recall the heads of an address to be delivered without the aid of notes.

The performances of Mr Eagle and his daughter are thus explicable in a very simple manner. In all such operations of pretended clairvoyance, there are two parties to the trick; one is blindfolded, or assumes to be mechanically asleep, and answers questions that are put through the confederate. In some of these performances, the blindfolded person will play at cards, and astonish every one with his adroitness; but in this, as in other tricks, he acts by private and well-arranged sounds or words uttered by his companion. This associate may stand at a distance, and assume to be unconcerned; yet certain words which he drops, convey a meaning sufficient to guide an adept in this species of jugglery. A certain M. Gandon of Paris is said to be the inventor of a regular system of these symbolic sounds; and his system, modified and translated into English, closely resembles the one in use by the Eagles. As stated at some length in the *New Monthly Magazine* for December 1852, this ingenious system, as formerly alluded to, is based on the first letters of words spoken by the seeing and questioning confederate. When the question refers to number, the first letters symbolise figures to make up the number. In this French system, for example, *d* stands for 1, *l* for 2, *c* for 3, *p* for 4, *q* for 5, *a* for 6, *f* for 7, *v* for 8, *n* for 9, *m* for 0. Nothing, therefore, can be more easy than to elicit the answer of any particular number, by merely asking the question in a series of words beginning with letters corresponding with the desired figures. By a certain method of putting the inquiry, the party addressed further knows whether the question refers to one, two, three, or more figures. When a number importing only one figure is wanted, the word 'chiffre' (figure) is employed; when the number consists of two figures, the first letters of the first two words employed import the number; when the number embraces three figures, the expletive word 'bien' is used; when four figures, 'tres bien'; and so on. Take the following examples:—If you wish to have the answer 3, you say 'Connaissez-vous le chiffre?' (Do you know the figure?); the answer is immediately 3, because *c* stands for 3. If you wish the number 12 to be answered, you say 'Dites le nombre' (Tell the number), because *d* stands for 1, and *l* for 2. But if you wish the number 129, you employ 'bien', thus—'Bien-dites le nombre'; in this case, it is known that three figures are required, and accordingly *d*, *l*, and *n* symbolise 129. By such simple means, always altering the preliminary expletive, any number up to six or eight figures can be readily elicited. With this explanation, how little clairvoyance is required to tell the number on a watch or a bank-note!

So much for questions referring to figures. As regards questions of a miscellaneous nature, as names of persons and countries, articles held in the hand, &c., there is a similar process of forming answers out of the first letters in the words that are employed; but with this difference, that in each case the letter in the alphabet after that which is employed, is the letter wanted. Thus *b* stands for *a*, *c* stands for *b*, and so on. If we, therefore, wish an answer beginning with the letter *a*, we use a word beginning with *b*. In this class of questions, expletives are likewise employed, to point out the nature of the thing asked; and for the sake of convenience, various letters are left out, as in short-hand. A watch is an article most commonly put into the hands of the performer. Holding this up, he asks what it is, using the words, 'Nommez promptement' (Name it quickly). Here *n* stands for *m*, and *p* for *o*; and *m*, *o*, are the two first letters in 'montre' (a watch), the word watch is quickly answered. If it be wished to have the word 'or' (gold), all that is necessary is to add the word 'parlez' to the question, as the *p* in that word stands for *o*. Thus, 'nommez promptement, parlez', would signify 'gold watch'. In order to mystify the audience, a number of words, totally useless, are ordinarily employed, along with the two or three

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words which convey the actual meaning; and these are added after a slight pause, so as to cut them off from the sentence. It will have been observed that Eagle, and other English performers of the trick, adopt a similar practice. They break their questions into parts, using, either before or after the symbolising words, a string of jargon, seemingly meaningless, but in reality designed to throw auditors off their guard. The 'little clairvoyante' has the tact to know what words are charged with symbolic letters, and what are meaningless, and gives her response accordingly.

In the case of the Eagles, the questioner had frequent recourse to the following words:—'Come, now, miss, hasten, be quick, what do you think?' Here, it will be observed, are ten words, the initial of which may symbolise so many figures—as, *c* for 1, *n* for 2, *m* for 3, and so on. If it was required that the girl, in reply to a question of number, should answer 123, the father had only to say: 'Come, now, miss.' If 12356, he need only say: 'Come, now, miss, be quick.' In this way, by ringing the changes on the words, and introducing a variety of meaningless phrases, according to pleasure, any given number on a watch or bank-note could be told as instantaneously as if the 'little clairvoyante' had been looking over her papa's shoulder.

Such may be called a skeleton-key to the systems of the 'mysterious ladies' and 'little clairvoyantes,' which are at present attracting so much notice throughout the country. With those performers who honestly profess an art or trick, we have no fault to find; but we cannot sufficiently reprobate pretensions such as those of the Eagles, which take advantage of the obscure subject of mesmerism, and the doubts raised both for and against it, to impose upon the public. To see well-educated and enlightened persons thus gulled by a vulgar conjuror, who cannot speak a sentence of his own language grammatically, is a spectacle which, we must own, fairly goes beyond our patience; and we must hope that, by the present and similar exposures, it will be put an end to.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE JURISPRUDENCE OF INSANITY.

The following fact may be depended upon, having been reported to us by the respectable officer referred to:—

A country schoolmaster came one day to Dr —, physician to the P— Lunatic Asylum, and requested to be admitted on the establishment, as he felt himself going wrong in his mind. The doctor told him he had not power to do so; it required an attestation from two medical men, and two neighbours, and also the sheriff's warrant. The man pressed his request; and remarked, that he believed the doctor would accede to it if he knew the extremity of the case. 'For,' said he, 'I feel a great inclination to suicide.' 'That is very bad,' said —. 'Nay, more,' added the man, 'I can scarcely refrain from murdering my fellow-creatures, especially when I see any weapon lying about. My inclination is then to rush upon the person who may be nearest to me, and destroy him.' Dr — bethought him, with a qualm of painful alarm, 'Why, this poor man may use his knife against any child that comes up to get a pen mended at his desk.' The man continued: 'Any one in my way at the moment I feel inclined to sacrifice—it might be a man passing me on the road, my wife sitting at dinner, or a child coming up to me to have a pen mended!' Dr — then saw it was an urgent case indeed, and next day had the proper steps taken to get the applicant admitted. He at first got worse in the asylum, but in due time recovered completely, so as to be able to resume his duties.

The judges have no test of insanity in criminal cases besides the question: Does the culprit know right from wrong? This schoolmaster evidently knew right from

wrong, since he felt a horror at his own inclinations, which were yet so much beyond his own control, that he had to put himself under external restraint, to prevent them from being followed. Now, how does the judges' test apply in such a case? Had the schoolmaster killed a pupil, would it not have been evident that he knew right from wrong? And yet was he not just as certainly out of his right mind, and therefore not accountable for his actions?

COFFEE.

According to a return recently published by the Statistical Society, the quantity of coffee grown at the present time in all parts of the world is, as near as can be estimated, 476,000,000 pounds annually. The value, reckoned at 50s. the hundredweight, is more than L.10,000,000 sterling; and the duty, averaging it at 3d. per pound, would amount to L.3,700,000. The shipping required to transport the coffee to its several markets would comprise 214,289 tons, which, at L.2, 10s. per ton, gives L.530,000 as the cost of freight; to which, if we add the profits of merchants and retailers, we find a gross sum of L.20,000,000 paid yearly by consumers of the article. This great trade has grown up in little more than a century; before that period, Arabia supplied the whole demand, now it furnishes not more than a 160th part, so greatly has its crop, supposed to be not less abundant than formerly, been exceeded by that of other countries.

Some interesting facts come out on comparing the quantities consumed in different countries. Among European states, Belgium stands highest, and England lowest. In the former country, the consumption of coffee in 1848 was 39,608,938 pounds, which, with a population of 4,337,196, gives 8.92 pounds for each individual; while chicory, being home-grown, and untaxed, is also used in prodigious quantities. The consumption in Denmark for 1847, the population being 2,296,496, was 12,337,281 pounds, or 5.37 pounds per head; and in the same year the chicory used was 3,047,558 pounds, nearly a fourth of the coffee in addition. The states of the German Union number 29,392,524 inhabitants, who in 1848 consumed 95,531,537 pounds of coffee, or 3.25 pounds for each, taken at an average; but the rate varies largely with different parts of the country—for while Saxony consumes 3.33 pounds per head, Bavaria uses 1.12 pounds only: this return, however, includes chicory and other substitutes. Coming now to our own country—Great Britain and Ireland—we find that in 1850 the consumption of coffee was 31,226,840 pounds, averaging not more than 1.13 pounds to each individual of the 27,452,261 composing the population; shewing the consumption to be less than in any other of the countries from which returns were obtained. It is remarkable, that in 1847 above six millions of pounds more were consumed than in 1850, some peculiarity of national taste being perhaps the cause of the decrease. There was an increase in 1851 of more than a million pounds, owing apparently to the reduction of duty to 3d. per pound on all coffee.

An increase in the consumption of chicory has been put forward, as accounting for the diminution in that of coffee; but when we see on the continent, and particularly in Belgium, a progressive increase in the two articles, some other cause must be sought for. It is most likely to be found in the growing taste for tea in this country, which has been notably continuous. In 1847, the consumption was 46,314,821 pounds; in 1851, 53,965,112 pounds, an increase of nearly eight millions in four years. Judging from the amount of the respective duties, the reverse should have been the case; the coffee-duty is 28s. per hundredweight, being at the rate of 50 per cent. on the value; while on a hundredweight of tea it is 26s., more than 200 per cent. The difference in the consumption is the more

striking, when we remember that in use one pound of tea 'goes as far' as three of coffee.

In the United States of America, no duty is paid on either tea or coffee. That country contained, in 1850, nearly 23,300,000 inhabitants, who consumed 129,890,929 pounds of coffee, which gives 5.57 pounds per head, or about four times more than the average of Britain. The tea consumed in the same year was 28,199,601 pounds. The people of the United States, therefore, consume more than four times as much coffee as tea, while here the proportion of coffee to tea is as 60 to 100. Taking tea and coffee together, their average is 6.74 pounds; while ours is not more than 3 pounds—a difference of more than half.

These facts afford a forcible argument in favour of a reduction of the tea-duties. Were such a measure carried out, we think it probable that the consumption in Britain would be found to exceed that of all other countries, and Chinese ingenuity might be overtaxed to supply the demand.

A LAY OF FURNESS ABBEY.

LET Layard quarry Nineveh, and Bartlett boat the Nile,
Or Alphonse weave his Gallic lays on Balbec's ruined pile;
Let any sing the magic charm that lingers round the shrine
Of Attic temples, Roman groves, or scenes of Palestine:
What boots it that a British child should seek for beauty
there,

While Furness' haunted abbey stands, and waves her
woodlands fair?

High noon had passed in summer sheen, and Sol's
declining rays

O'er columns, arches, monuments, suffused a purple blaze;
Where darkest gloom and rigid rites of yore had reigned
supreme,

Now sunshine played among the flowers, and lit the babbling
stream:

Where cowl'd monks perchance had trod, now roved a
laughing band—

High-hearted youth with boisterous glee, and maidens
hand in hand.

But one there was of graver mood, whose soul the dreamy
spell

That clad these relics of the past enchain'd like music's
swell:

Apart he mused, and laid him down beside a jess'mine
tree—

The ivy rustled overhead, and clover decked the lea—
His pensive fancy wandered back to scenes of other days,
Till outward vision closed at last in dreamland's mystic
maze.

No longer ivy twined around, the jess'mine trees were
gone—

Where broken arches late were seen, mediæval windows
shone;

Again the abbey proudly reared her belfry towers on high,
And in her ancient prime once more she filled the sleeper's
eye.

Gray-hooded men—priest, abbot, monk—again thronged
hall and cell,

And one of youthful brow he heard thus bid the world
farewell:

'No more! no more! The word hath passed;
Thy treasures, earth,
That once I deemed for me were cast,
What now their worth?

My early hopes and boyhood's dreams
Shaped not for this,
When round me played the fitful gleams
Of happiness!

But here within this stone-cold cell,
No footstep near,
No sound except the vesper-bell
Gray eve to cheer,

A wasting canker seems the sense
Of loneliness now;
Or why this mad unrest, and whence
This throbbing brow?

They tell me, too, I must forget
Youth's sacred flame—
No longer wear her locks of jet,
Or breathe her name:

Arm-linked with her, no longer weave
Love's golden threads,
When bright above, star-jewelled eve
Her glory spreads!

Then fond delights that crowned my path,
Oh! pass ye on;
For me life's joy and glory hath
For ever gone!

Farewell! farewell!—I will not weep,
Though sad my lot;
But Time, O haste the untroubled sleep
That waketh not!

The sleeper started from his trance; gay sounds of mirth
were near,

Light, silvery voices floated by, and music charmed the ear:
With laughing, careless step they came, the young, the fair,
the free—

Old Time and Care seemed all forgot 'mid lightsome
revelry.

'Fayre ladies' certes graced that band—sweet 'phantoms
of delight'—

In pink and lilac some arrayed, or robes of waving white.

O dreamer, point a moral now, or prithee list to mine:
When next you mix in pleasure's throng, to lighter moods
incline.

The mouldering monks beneath your tread, 'twas *theirs* to
yearn and sigh

When severed from the springs of bliss that now surround
your eye;

But you, go to! let owlets sigh; leave mourning to the dove;
Young hearts should seek the brighter themes of Beauty,
Joy, and Love! R.

August 1832.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.

The artificial production of fish is continuing to be actively promoted in France. M. Coste, the learned professor of the College de France, and author of the singular operation of fecundating the eggs of salmon in a washing-tub, has just returned from a government mission to examine into the system of artificial production employed at Comacchio, in the Roman States, and at Lucrino, in the kingdom of Naples. This system, it appears, is applicable to mollusca as well as to ordinary fresh-water fish; and it is carried out on such an extensive scale, as to afford an abundant supply of cheap and wholesome food to large masses of population. M. Coste has brought with him a crab peculiar to the Arno, in Tuscany, and its dependent streams; and he does not doubt that he can naturalise it in France. It can be made to breed artificially also.—*Literary Gazette.*

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